

## AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.

Adam, God made out of dust,  
But thought it best to make me first,  
So I was made before the man;  
To answer God's most holy plan.  
My body God did make complete,  
But, without arms, or legs, or feet;  
My ways and acts he did control,  
But to my body gave no soul.  
A living being I became,  
And Adam gave to me my name;  
I from his presence then withdrew,  
And more of Adam never knew.  
I did my Maker's law obey,  
Nor from it ever went astray;  
Thousands of miles I go in fear,  
But seldom on the earth appear.  
For purpose wise, which God did see,  
He put a living soul in me;  
A soul from me my God did claim,  
And took from me that soul again;  
For, when from me that soul had fled,  
I was the same as when first made;  
And, without hands or feet or soul,  
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day and night,  
To fallow man I give great light.  
Thousands of people, young and old,  
Will by my death great light behold;  
No right or wrong can I conceive,  
The Scriptures I cannot believe;  
Although my name in them is found,  
They are to me an empty sound.  
No fear of death doth trouble me,  
Real happiness I shall never see,  
To heaven I shall never go,  
Nor to the grave or hell below.

Now, when these lines you slowly read,  
Go, search your Bible with all speed,  
For that my name's recorded there,  
I honestly to you declare.

## THE EXHAUSTED POET.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.



My vitality is exhausted!"

This, in disheartened, almost despairing tones, proceeded from a pale-faced, rather intellectual-looking young man who had just entered a low-ceilinged, grimy-walled basement room in the heart of metropolitan Chicago.

He paused and turned his back to the open fire-place, where were burning, in lieu of coal, the last fragments of a board partition which had once divided the apartment in twain, and looked searchingly around.

Except for a rough table, three wooden chairs and a lounge, all venerable with age and rickety from usage, the room was unfurnished.

It was not untenanted, though; far from it. Each chair had an occupant; three more were seated on the lounge, while a seventh was reclining upon the table among a mass of papers, cigar stubs, ink-bottles and pipes.

Not wishing to invade the domain of the inquiry column and propound conundrums, we will explain the situation. The dismal place was a veritable literary den. Two of those present—the one on the table and the occupant of one of the chairs—edited a publication, and did all manner of back-writing there, while, with the exception of a gray-bearded man, an ex-banker, the remainder were genuine literary Bohemians.

"Yes, Mr. Jacob," the pale-faced young man proceeded, seeing that no attention had been paid either to his announcement or himself, "my vitality is exhausted!"

"No," responded the senior member of the firm, that paid the rent of the den, or "stood the agent off," which amounted to the same thing, so far as concerned the happy-go-lucky assemblage that rendezvoused there.

"Yes, Mr. Jacob. Adverse circumstances have formed an offensive coalition with the natural weakness of my physical constitution, and collapse, total, overwhelming collapse, threatens all the functions of my overtaxed body. Last night, in the deathlike solitude of my chamber—garret, I should say—moved by a breath of that divine afflatus which, whatever scorers may say, still pervades the earth, I flung my inspiration into verse, ragged you will no doubt say, but a true soul-fruit:

"For days my heart did meditate a song—"  
"Four days from now we will listen to it," interrupted the man on the table, rising to a sitting posture; "that is if your vitality holds out so long."

"Have you tried moxie?" asked Jacob, with a serious face.

"And asafetida?" spoke up the ex-banker; "that's the stuff for you, Gall. Not very toothsome, but a wonderful brace for the nerves."

"Bah!" cried the poet, a look of intense disgust sweeping his mobile features. "How little you know how far you are from understanding my needs and yearnings."

"How about Browning and Howells?" queried one of the occupants of the lounge.

"Bah, again! My vital forces have retreated to their last citadel." He paused and laid his hand upon his



"MY VITALITY IS EXHAUSTED."

heart. "They will never again emerge to engage in conflict with an unappreciative world, unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Jacob, as the poet paused.

"Unless my system requires proper treatment. I must have beefsteak!"

"Come, now!" cried Jacob, with some warmth. "Haven't I given—"

"Haven't you?—a dollar every day for a week past, and that for the express purpose of getting you into condition as to the beefsteak?"

"True, Mr. Jacob, but it has barely sufficed to keep me alive, and left nothing to restore the ravages which weeks of fasting have wrought in my naturally delicate system."

"A dollar a day will buy four good meals, Gall," declared the ex-banker, with a vehemence that attested his knowledge of the subject of cheap eating.

"Meals!" repeated the poet, scornfully. "Could I, a graduate of Yale, the son of the poetess laureate of the great State of Rhode Island, enter a lunch-room? Would you expect to see seated before a dish of that mysterious compound, vulgarly denominated hash, one whose great thoughts need only vitality to project them upon an expectant world in the form of meshes of wild song; a man who, by reason of his published verses, is entitled, among the living poets of his native land, to a front rank?"

"The moon, with cold and silvery beams—"  
"Hold on!" rudely interrupted Jacob. "We'll concede their rankness. What



"AND I'LL DIVIDE THE FOURTEEN DOLLARS WITH YOU."

disposition have you made of the silver case-dollars I have loaned you from day to day?"

"A porter-house with mushrooms, 60 cents; coffee, 10 cents; glass of wine, 15 cents; cigar, ditto."

"Whew!" cried the seven auditors in a breath.

"To your sordid souls, 4124 miserable little grains of dross seem a vast sum to pay for a meal in which may lurk the nucleus of a second 'Paradise Lost' or the still unwritten 'Great American Novel.' I am, happily, cast in a different mold. My soul rebels at the thought of free lunch, my stomach revolts at the sight of red-hot, while what little gorge there is within me rises up at the bare mention of bologna sausage."

"And have you subsisted upon one meal a day?" asked Jacob.

"Except for a few trifles specially prepared for me by the woman where I room, and which I sometimes eat with real relish."

"She has been trying to build you up, that you might pay the bill you owe her, I suppose?"

"I trust poor human nature is not so debased. No, sir. She has provided me with a few inexpensive dainties because she respects genius, admires true poetic fancy!"

"Then she shall not remain unrewarded. You have often expressed a desire to earn your bread—beefsteak, I mean, by writing."

"I yearn to do it."

"At some little trouble I have secured you work. Mr. Samuels wants an article of two thousand words on the drainage question, for which he will pay six dollars, while the *Broad-Axe* will give eight dollars for three columns on the dock saloons."

"They are low and vulgar subjects, Jacob, and will lead me—"

"To your room. At an expense of half a day's time I have collected all the necessary points. You can write them up by to-morrow evening and get your fourteen dollars the next morning. They will keep you until then."

"They proved to be a pair of silver dollars, which Gall hastened to pocket, while he looked in a hesitating way at the memoranda which had accompanied them."

"Well?" queried Jacob.

"The fact is that my vitality—"

"Oh, bother your vitality! Go along and get to work, and when you're through with that, I'll find you some more."

"Time may restore my shattered vitality, but at present—I have a proposition to make you, Jacob."

"Well?"

"You take the memoranda and write up the articles and I'll divide the fourteen dollars with you."

There was a roar of laughter, during which the vitality-exhausted poet vanished from the Bohemian den.

## Jeaousy.

An anecdote which shows to what lengths jealousy may be carried is related by T. A. Trollope. We took, one morning, a little excursion to Tusculum, on which my wife rode a donkey belonging to a very competent guide. This man knew every point where it was desirable to draw rein in order to enjoy the lovely and varied views. The donkey, who, no doubt, knew all these halting places as well as his master, once turned aside from the path in a very business-like fashion, and plucked himself before a gate from which a specially pleasing outlook was to be seen. My wife, thinking to please the man, said:

"How well your donkey knows his business. He came of himself to this lovely view, just as if he enjoyed it."

But the effect of her words was very startling. The man became suddenly and furiously angry.

"No, not he! I—I know how to make ladies and gentlemen see the views, and all that is to be seen. He!—he is an ass, and knows nothing. I—I am the guide," he cried, again and again.

"The beast is an ass, I tell you! He knows nothing!"

In short, he was furiously jealous of his donkey, and bitterly resented the compliments paid to the beast's sagacity, as so much taken from his own praises. This is an extreme case, but jealousy in its mildest form is a most annoying impulse which should be strangled at its birth.

## UNIQUE SOBERING DEVICE.

A Terror to Tramps, Hummers and Intoxicated Strangers.



HE crop of tramps in Bucks and Montgomery Counties, in Pennsylvania, says a Philadelphia paper, is so abundant that ordinary measures for driving them out have proved futile, and the county authorities are studying how best they may dispose of the troublesome vagrants. On account of the extremely mild winter the tramps who usually seek a warmer clime in the cold months are hovering about the comfortable barns and hay stacks in Bucks and Montgomery Counties, and are lodging also in the railroad stations and conveniently open freight cars. The sober vagrants are troublesome enough, but the hundreds of intoxicated tramps are even worse to deal with, and they not only defy the orders to "move on" but also threaten violence to country folk whose farms they invade.

An old-time Bucks County farmer has suggested that a revival of the sobering-machine that did effective work in Doylestown thirty or forty years ago might have a wholesome influence on the hordes of tramps and make them shun Bucks County as they

now are such that many Bucks and Montgomery County men believe it would be well to revive the old-time moral institutions.

## Wild Beasts in India.

Every country on the globe has its own special curse. Wild beasts are the curse of India. They destroy on an average about twenty-five thousand persons a year, most of whom are killed by the bite or the hug of snakes. The British governments in India, which pay rewards for the slaying of wild beasts, keep also exact accounts of their depredations, which are published from time to time in the newspapers. The London Times summarizes the last report thus:

"During the year, twenty-two thousand and one hundred and thirty-four persons were killed by snakes, nine hundred and twenty-eight by tigers, two hundred and twenty-two by wolves, one hundred and ninety-four by leopards, fifty-seven by elephants, twenty-four by hyenas, and eleven hundred and sixty-nine by other animals, including scorpions, jackals, lizards, bears, crocodiles, buffaloes, mad dogs and foxes."

"In the same year nearly sixty thousand domestic animals were destroyed by wild animals, but in this case the proportions are quite different, for while the snakes were responsible for the death of eleven-twelfths of the

## HANDSOME COIFFURES FOR THE SEASON.



No. 1. Princess Headdress—The front is a turn-over toupee, the back formed with new spiral wreath. No. 2. Cover-All Pondree—Described in the *Queen*, Jan. 18, page 96. No. 3. The Spiral Headdress—The front is a Bebe toupee, or may be worn with waved bandeaux. On the top is a new spiral toupee. No. 4. Evening Headdress—The front is demi-pompadour, the back is formed with spiral wreath. For all these headdresses the ends of the hair should be curled. Where this can not be conveniently done the new spiral postiche should be substituted. No. 5. New Postiche for Daily Use or Fancy-Ball Wear—The new spiral designs are most successful. Figs. 1, 2, and 3. Spiral toupees and spiral wreath. They have no foundation, and are entwined with the hair to form the back or top. Fig. 4. Lichtenfeld combs, on a new pattern. Fig. 5. Marteau comb, also a new pattern. These are handy to fill up gaps, support ornaments, and have become almost indispensable as auxiliaries to hair-dressing.

would flee in terror from soap and water. Not many of the present generation in Doylestown are familiar with the sobering-machine, but men who lived there in the '50s and early in the '60s readily remember the unique apparatus.

The famous mechanism was nothing more nor less than the shafts and front wheels of a light wagon gear, with a big wooden box fastened firmly upon the axle, making a rough kind of a cart. The machine was kept in a convenient dark alley, and whenever one of Doylestown's good citizens came home so filled with ardent spirits that he could not handle himself the machine was run out from its hiding place, the tipsy man was seized and dumped upon his back in the box, and with



three or four sturdy burghers at the shafts he was given a ride over the rough streets that wakened to shake every drop of liquor out of him and make him a soberer and wiser man. This humane treatment was often applied to intoxicated strangers, but the moral influence of the machine was all powerful in preserving the sobriety of the townsmen. The circumstances which brought about the machine's being built, they only told two in

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